[fic] Ridiculous Ways to Prevent An Apocalypse, Take Three.

• Apr. 30th, 2010 at 2:10 AM

Title: Ridiculous Ways to Prevent an Apocalypse, Take Three.
Prompt #?: "#17 : Last night, Darth Vader came down from planet Vulcan and told me that if I didn't take Lorraine out that he'd melt my brain. (Back to the Future, 1985)"
Word Count: 1,447 words.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Dub-con, male smut.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Pairing: Gabriel/Crowley.
Summary: We're on a mission from God to make a sex tape.
Timeline: Set after 5x19, so **spoilers** for that.
Author's Note: This is purely for fun, for smut, and for the chance to make Blues Brothers references. Metatron is a character from Dogma, but all you need to know is that he has a message from God. Finally, I own no one.

Written for **prompt_in_a_box**. And for my amusement.

"Oh, this is too much fun for words," Crowley's tone was sarcastic, bitter. "Both of us?"

"A demon. I have to work with a *demon*. Dad, why do you do this to me?" Gabriel looked up at the sky, unsure if he should have been relieved or annoyed. Then again, with his Dad it tended to be a mix of both. Him and His mysterious smiles.

"And I have to work with a dead angel." A glare was exchanged, and then Gabriel shrugged.

"Formerly dead, thanks. And the angel part wasn't my fault. Made that way, see."

They shared another glare, before the Metatron cleared his throat. "If you two are quite done, God has a mission for you two."

"If this has anything to do with hit musical numbers and car chases, I'm out." Gabriel said immediately, and the Metatron shot him a look.

"It's not *that* kind of mission. Be silent and listen:" Both angel and demon quieted at the Metatron's suddenly imposing form and demeanor. "God has commanded it, and so it shall be: a demon and an angel shall know eachother in the Biblical sense, and it shall be good. The recording of the encounter will bollocks up the Fallen Archangel Lucifer's attempts to use Death, as He will be entertained greatly by the tape. This shall halt the Apocalypse, and you two may go upon your merry ways, causing havoc."

The imposing demeanor faded, the impression of wings vanished, and the Metatron managed to look both pissed off and envious at the same time. Possibly due to the sex that he would be missing out on.

"Your creator is *insane*." Crowley put in.

"You're absolutely certain Dad couldn't have had someone else do it?" Gabriel asked the Metatron, which got a shake of the head.

"You're the only one with any experience in that department who isn't Fallen."

"Not even the Cherubs?" Gabriel was grasping at straws, and he knew it.

"Why me?" Crowley asked. "I was a good demon. Did my job right. If this is because of the Noodle Incident - "

"The Cherubs have no experience with the act itself, Gabriel. Crowley, the Noodle Incident is not why God wants you to do this. It is because of the unholy deal you brokered with Meyers to get her books published. Now, if you'll excuse me." The Metatron vanished in a burst of flame, leaving the angel and the demon to get at it.

There was a moment of silence, and then Crowley sighed. "Best get it over with, then. Your place or mine?"

"My place; it already has the cameras set up for this kind of thing." Gabriel hadn't cleared out the Casa Erotica stuff yet. Or the blonde. She was enthusiastic, after all. He raised his hand and snapped it, and they were there. After another moment of silence he looked at Crowley, then at his body, and he let himself do his usual mental pondering: what would that person look like without clothing? It was always an entertaining way of spending a few years, just sitting in cafes and public places and using special angelic x-ray vision, and now that he actually needed to have sex with the body he was looking at, well.

"You couldn't have picked a female vessel?" Crowley asked, and Gabriel snapped his fingers again, turning on the cameras.

"You missed that fiasco, then. We're live, demon."

"Call me Crowley." He began to undo his shoes, sitting on the bed. "If we're going to do this, you're going to know my name." He wasn't looking at Gabriel, but Gabriel could feel that all of the demon's attentions were on him.

"Call me Gabriel, then. Now, since I'm obviously going to be topping, I suggest you - "

"You honestly think I'm going to let myself be topped by *you*?" Crowley's eyes flicked to his, dark and dangerous. "This is going to be seen by Lucifer!"

"And Death, and anyone with an internet connection if I know Dad. I'm topping, or you get to do this on fire."

"You wouldn't - " A small flame appeared on Crowley's sleeve. "I like this suit!" The flame went out. "Fine. But you're using lubrication, or I'm lining myself with spikes."

Gabriel laughed, snapping his fingers. His clothes vanished, and a large jar of oil appeared in his hand. "I had forgotten why I liked to play with you guys. Demons have some imagination, when it comes to sex."

"Not all of us are into the pain thing," Crowley muttered as he removed his suit, piece by piece. "And working deals requires some mental flexibility. Are we going to do this or not?"

Gabriel smirked and moved up to Crowley, putting a hand on his chest. He definitely liked what he saw, vessel-wise. The temperature of the room rose a few degrees, and he set the oil down to run his hands over Crowley's chest and sides, feeling. "You're going to lie back and think of England, demon."

"Crowley."

"Crowley," Gabriel confirmed, and Crowley scooted back on the bed, lying back and spreading his legs. "Mm, very nice. So *passive*, too - "

A growl, and then Gabriel was grabbed by his nipples down into an angry kiss, and Crowley bit at Gabriel's lips, twisting his hands. He felt Gabriel's hips thrust against his, felt evidence of Gabriel's arousal, and then Gabriel was biting back, eyes flashing. Gabriel put his hands on Crowley's wrists and began to squeeze down, more than capable of crushing Crowley's wrists.

Crowley met Gabriel's gaze, digging his nails into Gabriel's skin as he felt his bones begin to twist. But Gabriel didn't let go, or blink, and Crowley let go when the grip became dangerously close to doing some damage. Gabriel smirked and let go.

"Roll over, Crowley. We're not here for foreplay." Gabriel ordered, lips barely inches from Crowley's. He had a far-too-amused look in his eyes along with the dangerous look, and Crowley rolled over reluctantly, not pleased at all with the situation. But then Gabriel was pulling his hips up, back enough to let Gabriel get a grip on his front, and Crowley couldn't stop the gasp. Gabriel worked his fingers over Crowley's tip, then and up and down him, drumming against him as he worked his palm up and down. It felt exquisite, and he couldn't stop himself from moaning and pushing into the touch.

"Gabriel - " Crowley forced out, trying not to get too caught up in the pleasure. "Get on with it!"

There was a chuckle from above him, and then the hand on his front was gone as Gabriel spread him, poured oil over his entrance, and inserted a well-lubricated finger. Crowley hadn't done anything like this in at least a decade, and Gabriel was *good* at it. He seemed to know the right moment to add a second finger, and then a first, and he knew where to touch to fire off the heat in Crowley's body.

It didn't feel like an angel behind him, that was for sure, and even as Crowley gasped out Gabriel's name, he couldn't be sure it wasn't some other being behind him.

"Crowley," Gabriel said, removing his fingers. "Smile for the camera."

He thrust in, pulling a shout from Crowley. Crowley clawed at the bed, shouting again as Gabriel thrust into him, not giving him time to adjust as Gabriel set up a rhythm of thrusts and changes of angle. It felt like he was too hot, too aroused, and he couldn't stop himself from moving back, trying to catch Gabriel off-rhythm, trying to screw up the thrusts so that it wouldn't feel like Gabriel was in such perfect control.

But he couldn't do it, and then Gabriel put a hand on his front again, doing something with his fingers, and Crowley shouted louder as his orgasm ripped through him.

"Crowley, Crowley..." Gabriel said, somewhere above him, and Crowley gasped, squeezing around Gabriel as he tried to recover from the pleasure humming through his system. "Ah - !"

Gabriel shouted, and Crowley felt a rush of heat in him before Gabriel pulled out and collapsed on him.

Angels and demons didn't need to breathe, but Crowley and Gabriel indulged in air as they recovered.

"We need to watch this." Castiel was clutching a DVD and looking wide-eyed. "The Metatron ordered it."

"Sure, fine. What is it?" Dean glanced at Sam, shrugging. If the so-called Voice of God had a home video, what harm could it be to watch it?

"The video that Death returned to his domain for to watch, thus putting the Apocalypse on hold." Castiel said, gravely. "Casa Erotica Three."